

ANOTHER SUNNY DAY IN SANTA ANA

I'm sitting in front of a deli  
on Grand Street in Santa Ana  
across the street from where I work  
at a table in the shade  
there's warmth in the air  
that marvelous California breeze  
eating a hoagie sandwich  
a cup of potato salad and  
drinking a bottle of grape juice.

I could have had a beer  
but that would have made going back  
after lunch impossible  
besides, I don't need it  
this is perfect, the hills  
behind me clear as a bell  
the sad trucks rolling by.

People from the office walk past  
pretending not to see me  
and come back out with sandwiches  
to take back and eat in the  
employee's lunchroom, the fools.

No hellos, not even a nod, a smile.  
Well screw them. I don't need  
their small talk, the unsatisfying  
companionship. I'm more happy alone  
than anyone has a right to be,  
unreasonably content with  
this foot long hoagie: salami  
beef, american processed cheese food,  
lettuce, onions, pickles, the works,  
unexplainably at peace  
with the hot air, alone  
with the sharp hills  
the sad trucks rolling by.

An elderly woman asks if I'm finished  
and I say sure, giving up my table  
to her, even though I'm not.